



Oh Skin-nay!

The Days of
Real Sport

by

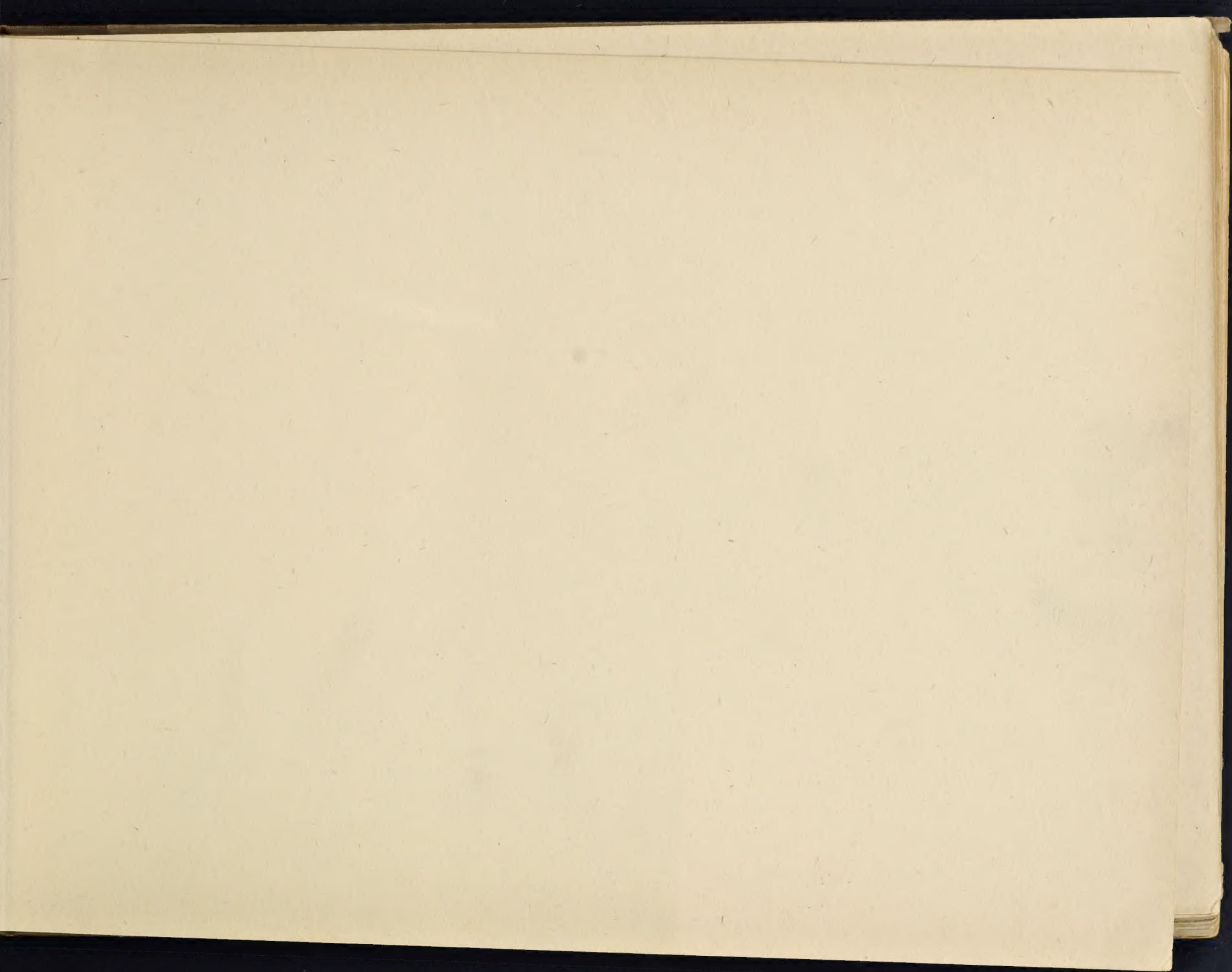
BRIGGS

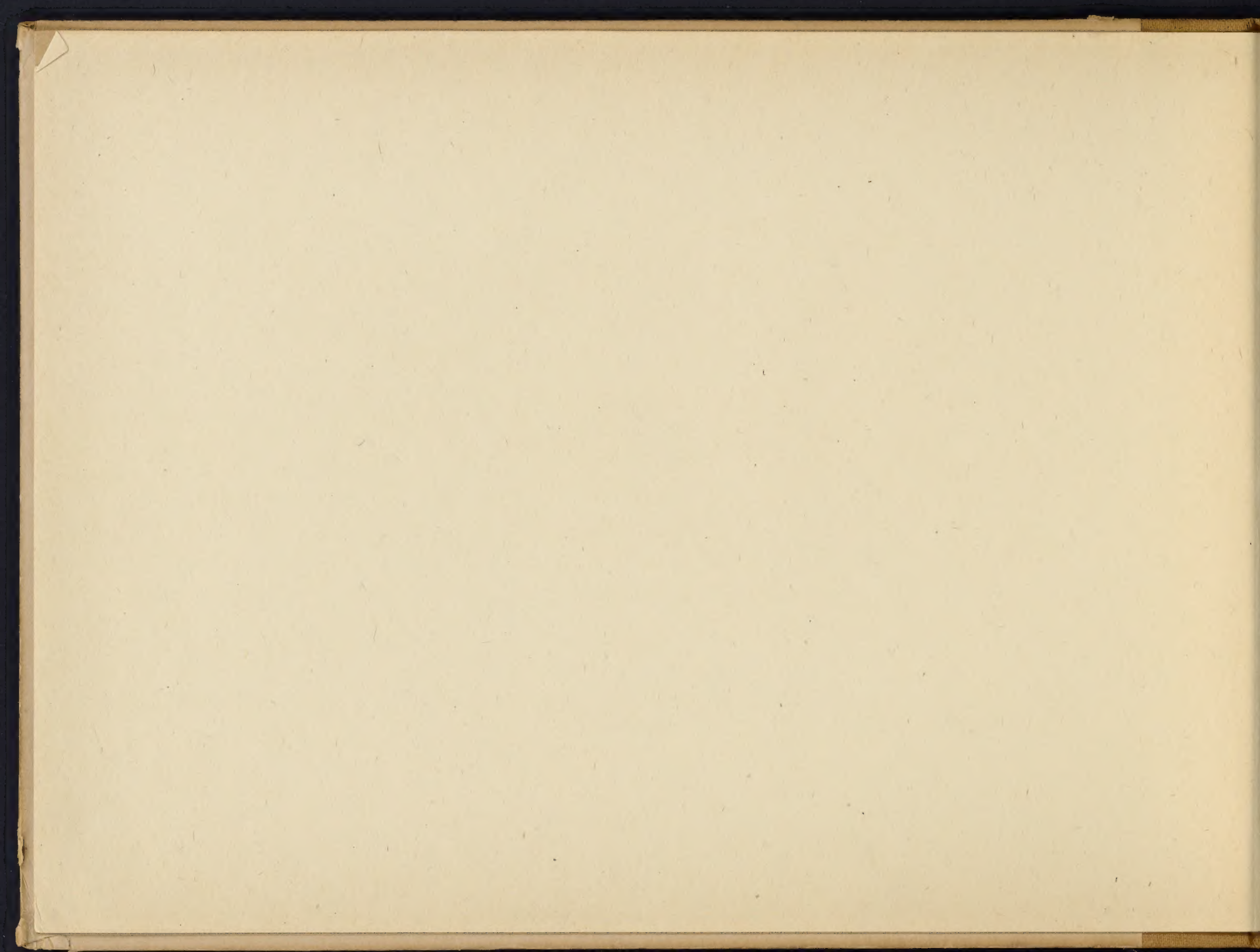
Verses by Wilbur D. Nesbit



Cast







Oh Skin-nay!

The Days of
Real Sport

BY

*BRIGGS*¹³

VERSES BY Wilbur D. Nesbit



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Oh, Skin-Nay! YOO HOO!

HERE'S a reg'lar book about our Days of Real Sport.

I betcha your pa an' ma will be as tickled with it as you an' me is. Gee! It's got pitchers in it that seems like they



wuz drawed right on th' spot by that feller Briggs an' ever' pitcher has a reg'lar little pome writ along with it by that feller Nesbit an' both o' them



wuz reely boys oncet, just like any other boy. An' it's got up in a book by them fellers, the P. F. Volland Company an' it's deddicated to

All Us Fellers!



New Year's Morning

O H, Skin-nay! Hap-pay Noo Year!
I hope that when it's past
That both of us have had the fun
That we've had in the last.
So Hap-pay Noo Year, Skin-nay,
An' pa an' ma they say
To tell your pa an' ma they wish
Th' same to them today.

New
Year's
Morning



Thawing the Pump

WHEN our pump's froze, my paw he takes
Hot water to it, an' he shakes
Th' hannel, while he tries to thaw
It so th' pump will pump—an' ma
She tells him if he'd wrapped it tight
With carpet, like she said last night,
It wouldn't freeze. An' pa sez: "Oh,
But wimmen likes to tell you so!"

Thawing
The Pump



A Cold and Frosty Morning

MY! Th' bed is good an' warm,
An' outside you hear th' storm—
Hear th' wind howl through th' trees—
'Fraid to get up, 'fraid you'll freeze!
Then your ma calls: "Son, I guess
You'd best come down stairs to dress!"
Say, I bet you're glad all right
You lugged in that coal last night!

*A Cold and
Frosty
Morning*



Hitchin' On

WHEN th' crick is froze up an' th' snow's on th' groun',
Uncle Billy Magraw he comes drivin' to town
With his pair o' bobsleds, an' his bells makin' noise,
An' he chuckles an' hollers: "Hitch on to us, boys!"
You betcha there ain't no one ever yet saw
A better than fat Uncle Billy Magraw.

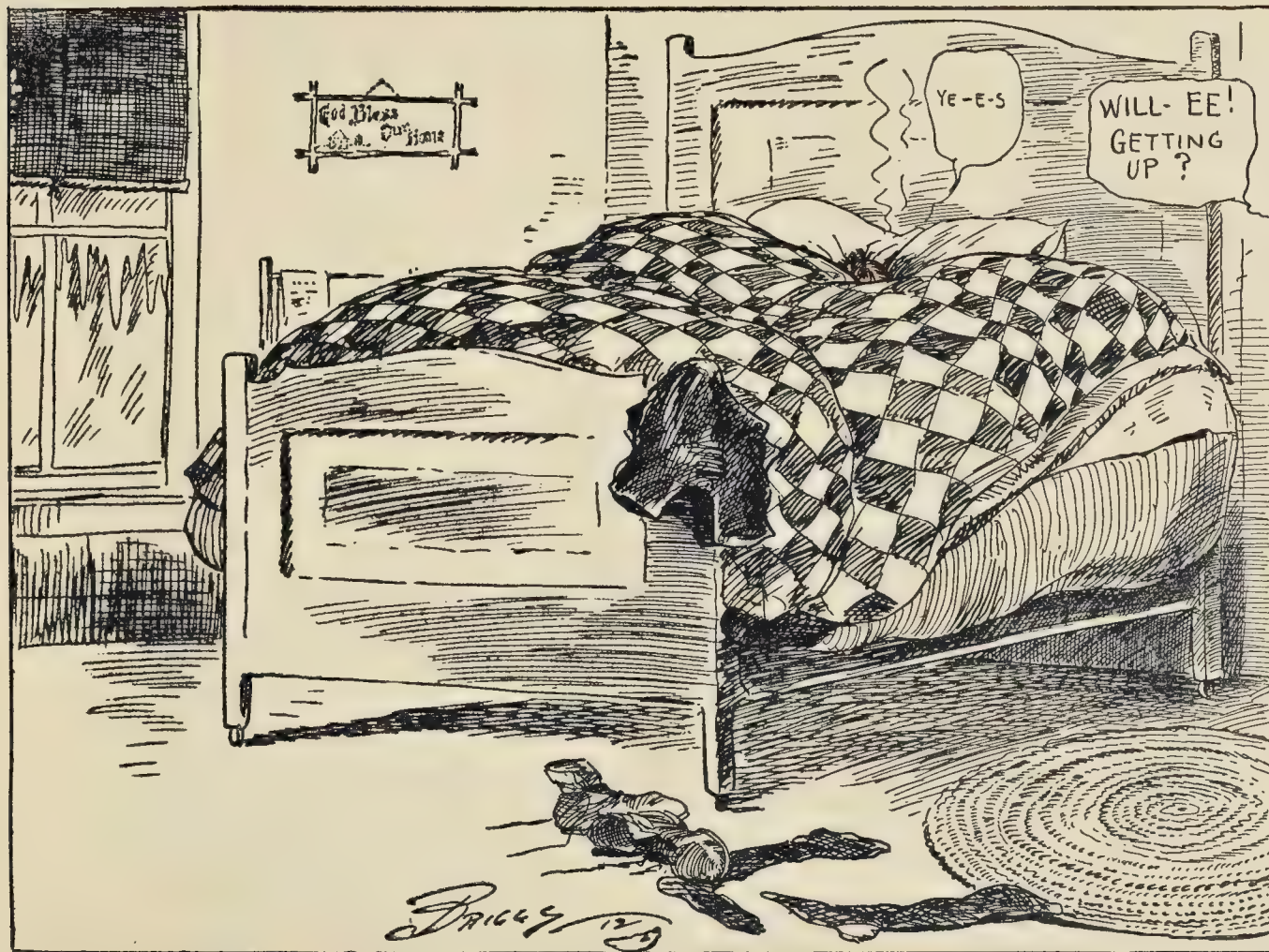


Hitchin'
On

Monday Morning

NOW, Saturday I can get up, an' I can get up Sunday—
But, honestly, I want to sleep as soon as it comes Monday.
It seems to me I've hardly winked before I get th' warnin'
That I must hustle in my clo'es because it's Monday mornin'.
When I grow up, you bet my boys will have what I am losin'—
I'll tell their ma "Don't interfere. Just let 'em keep on snoozin'."

Monday
Morning



“Post Office”

AT Emmy Jones's birthday party
Buck Engledorf swelled up—the smarty!—
Buhcause Pearl Mulson called his name
In that tomfool post-office game.
Huh! Buck ain't such a nawful wonder
That all of us must stand from under!
I guess he'd better get a girl—
I was the one that called out Pearl.



"Post
Office"

The Critical Moment

THEY took our pitchers this last week—
My throat dried up, I couldn't speak;
They clamped some tongs back on my head,
I held as still as if I's dead.
An' baby squirmed, an' sister shook
While we all had our pitchers took.
Next time they do it, now, by heck!
I ain't a goin' to wash my neck.



I DON'T SEE
WHAT POSSESSES
THAT CHILD!!

IS HE GOIN'
TO HAVE
HIS PITCHER
TOOK?

YES - A DOZEN
CABINETS - THEY'RE
SO SUITABLE FOR
CHRISTMAS GIFTS

The Critical Moment

Skinny is Sick

SKINNY'S sick—an' ol' Doc Moore
Hitched his horse in front their door.
Missus Green an' Lizzie Brown
An' 'most ever' one in town
Has took jelly there, an' cake,
An' th' best things they can make.
Huh! Ol' Skinny always struck
Jest th' finest kind o' luck.

*Skinny is
Sick*



Easter Morning

MA washed my ears, an' neck, an' face,
An' told me not to leave th' place
Until she's dressed—then said I've got
To lug this lily in its pot
To church. An' Bill an' Sam an' Joe
They yelled: "Oh, ain't he purty, though?"
Ma sez: "Don't answer them—they're bad."
But, gracious, don't I wish I had?

Easter
Morning



B. H. 669

The Drizzly Day

YOU can't go out, and you can't play
Whenever it's a drizzly day.
You got to set right in th' house
And keep as still as any mouse.
An' your ma sez: "My goodness me!
Why you ain't happy, I can't see.
There's lots of boys would think it fine
To have a home like yours and mine."



The
Drizzly
Day

One Hour's Practice

ONE—an'—two—an'—three—an'—four—an'—one—
An'—two—O, gee! If this wuz done
I betcha I could have some fun.
Yes, ma'am. I'm countin'—two—an'—three—an'—four—
An'—one—Doggone! This makes me sore!
She'll keep me here a half-hour more.
When I grow up my boy won't have to stay
Indoors when he could go an' play—
Yes, ma'am. I'm practicin', I say!

*One
Hour's
Practice*



April First

GEE, but Doc Jones is mad as hops.
We told him Banker Brown wuz sick
An' he lights out an' never stops
Till he is clear acrost th' crick.
Then we all yelled out: "Aprile Fool!
Go wash yer face an' go to school."

April
First



Marbles

FEN hunchin's! Git back there to taw!
You can't span, neither! No, sir! Pshaw!
Now watch me whack it—there she goes.
O' course I meant to. Wha' d' ye s'pose?
Yah! Clarence Ferguson he weeps
An' says 'at he can't play fer keeps!



Marbles

Starting the Season

THEY always let me choose one side—
They brag how I can run an' slide
An' pitch, an' catch, an' play first base
Or field, or fill 'most any place.
I can play any place at all
Sence I got my new bat an' ball.



Starting the
Season

The Vacant Lot

I TELL you now it makes me hot
To have to watch th' fellers play
Out there in Mister Miller's lot—
An' ma sez I can't get away!
I bet you if I see Doc Green
I'm go' to start a nawful fuss—
I think that he was mighty mean
To bring this bawlin' kid to us!

*The
Vacant Lot*



Digging Worms

GET yer fishpole fum th' attic, get a nickel's worth o' hooks—
When it's fishin' time a feller has no time fer story books.
An' you bet our lot's th' dandy fer th' fishworms that are fine—
Hefty Miner says it's jest as if I owned a fishworm mine!

*Digging
Worms*



Housecleaning Time

HOUSECLEANIN' time is fun alive!
We whoop around an' duck an' dive
Through where th' carpet's on th' line—
Play it's a tunnel—an' that's fine.
An' pa he come an' give a whack
Right through th' carpet on my back,
Then laughed: "I didn't know you's there."
But then I guess I didn't care.

Housecleaning
Time



Just Outdoors

INDOORS you can't do very much for fear you make a muss,
Outdoors is made for boys an' girls, an' good for all of us.
My pa he likes th' outdoors, too; he says th' Lord made *that*
An' mixed it up with hills an' trees, an' hummocky an' flat
So that it would be nice for folks, an' didn't skimp a bit—
Pa says th' Lord likes all outdoors—he made so much of it.

Just
Outdoors



Crokay

MY pa sez cro-kay is a game
That cultivates a person's aim
An stimulates his faculties
So that he can do things with ease.
You bet he's tickled when he whacks
Your ball just like he swung a axe—
But when you drive him out o' bounds
He sez you're ruinin' th' grounds!

Crokay



School's Out

O H, th' last day o' school is th' best day of all—
You grab up your books an' you run through the hall
An' down th' big steps an' right out in th' street
An' hustle right home, to start out with bare feet.
Th' teacher she kisses you good bye an' cries—
An' all o' th' girls they are wipin' their eyes.
Huh! Think what she does when you don't mind th' rule—
Oh, th' last day's th' best day of all days in school!

School's
Out



The Swing

OH, we got a swing that's th' dandiest thing—
You can go jest as high as yuh please.
You can swing away out till you're all turned about
An' you look upside down through th' trees!

The
Swing



The Great White Signal

HERMAN Humphreys he went in
Yesterday—up to his chin.
Sez th' water 's fine—an' so
Ever'body's goin' to go!
Old Man Perkins sez: "Gee whiz!
You'll all git th' rheumatiz."
Swimmin' time 's all right, all right—
No more bathin' Sat'd'y night!

OH SKIN-NAY! YOO-HOO!

*The
Great White
Signal*



The Swimming Hole

BILL c'n sink an' hold his nose
An' touch th' bottom with his toes;
Hen c'n dive an' part his hair;
Pete c'n do th' crawl fer fair—
I'm a goin' to watch when Bud
Starts out, then smear him with mud,
An' while he's washin' off th' dirt
We'll knot his pants' legs an' his shirt.

The
Swimming
Hole



Ellinwood's Bridge

AT Ellinwood's Bridge is a purty good place
Fer fishin'—it's right up above th' old race.
You set there an' holler at folks 'at drive past,
An' get your lines tangled whenever you cast,
An' onct in a while some one gets in a fight —
An' one day Spuds Emerson got a big bite!



Ellinwood's
Bridge

The Sunday School Picnic

OUR Sunday School picnic was out in th' grove—
We got us a liv'ry rig, too, an' I drove!
An' Old Mr. Henderson set in a pie,
An' I teased a girl till she started to cry.
An' spiders got into my ma's deviled eggs
An' I got some chigger bites on both my legs!

The Sunday
School
Picnic



Our First Show

WE give Uncle Tom's Cabin fer five pins admission—
An' it was more fun than we ever had fishin'.
I played Little Eva, an' Topsy, an' Marks,
An' Fred played Legree—an' you bet it was larks.
Mis' Brown she told ma it wuz older folks duty
To urge us on paths that would give life more beauty.

*Our First
Show*



The Lemonade Stand

WE set up a lemonade stand on th' street
An' hollered "Cold Lemo!" to folks 'at went by.
We made it jest sour enough, still it was sweet—
An' each of us dipped out a little to try.
Clem Mulford come by, an' he bought some, an' said:
"Jest charge it," an' then went on, rubbin' his vest.
Then Ernie an' Josie an' Freckles an' Ed
An' Lucy an' Skinny an' me drunk th' rest.

The
Lemonade
Stand



Circus Coming

HERE'S th' circus comin'—an' a feller *has* to go,
But where'll he get th' money to take him to th' show?
Skinny he crawled under onct, an' then they throwed him out—
Wonder if they'll watch this year to see who hangs about?
Guess I'll tell my pa that I will whitewash our whole fence
Fer my circus money—an' I'll rush home an' commence!

Circus
Coming



The End of The Parade

MY! Ther' wuz el'phants an' camels an' snakes
An' two-headed people that pa said wuz fakes,
An' Wild Men o' Guinny, an' giunts an' dwarfs—
Th' p'rade went down our street an' Buck Engendorf's.
An' last of it all wuz th' funniest clown
That kep' folks a-laughin' all over th' town.
He yelled out "Hello!" to me, Skinny an' Slim,
An' you betcha we yelled back "Hello!" to him!

The
End of the
Parade



Day After The Circus

I'VE rubbed my joints with fish worm oil—
Seems like it's just about to spoil,
Th' way it smells! But then, they say,
It makes you limber, anyway.
I betcha lots o' folks right here
Will be suprised in 'bout a year
When I come leapin' in th' ring,
Th' World's Unequalled Circus King!

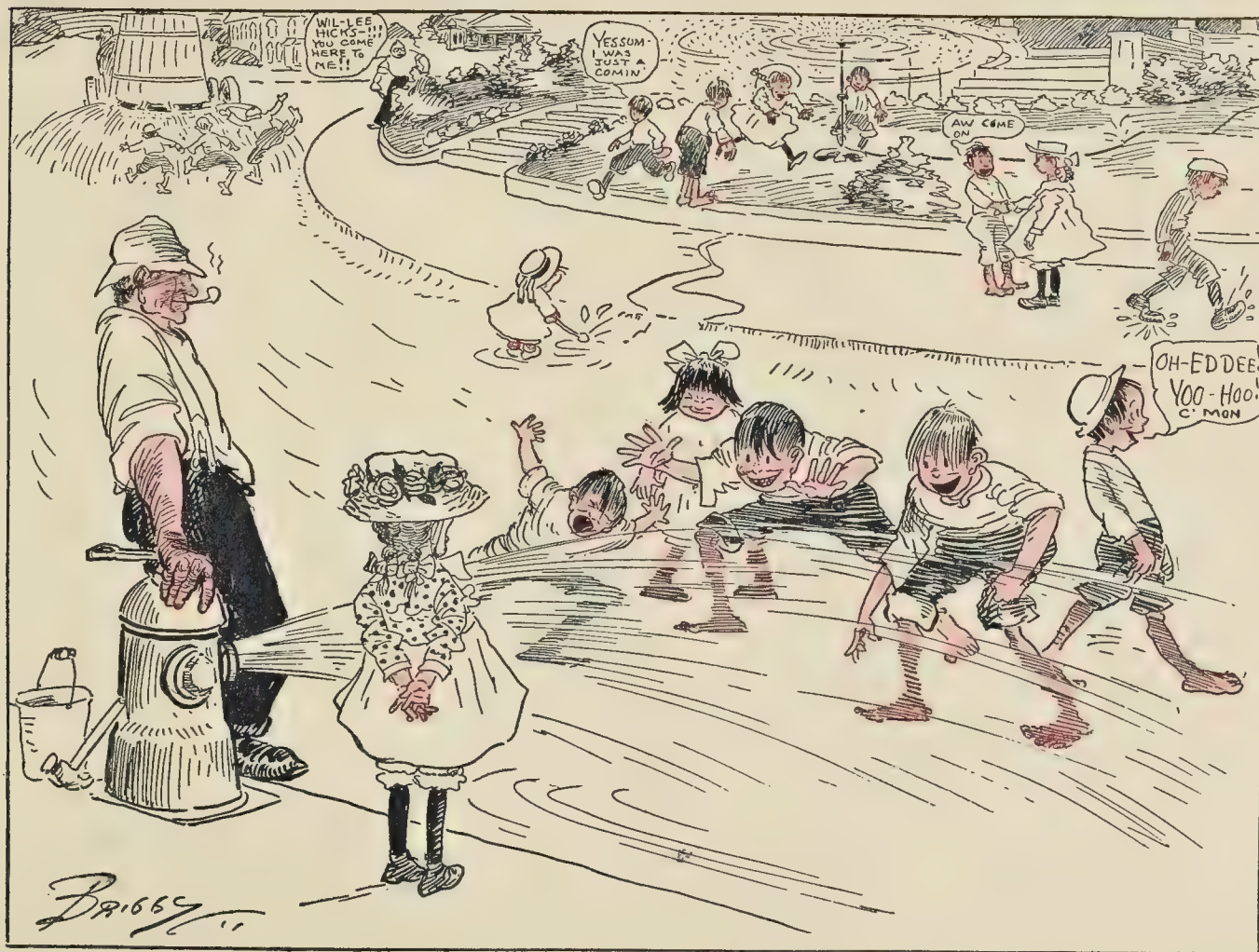


Day
After the
Circus

The Water Plug

I CAN'T understand it—when I go an' play
Behind th' big sprinkler, or under th' spray
Or by th' fire hydrant—an' sozzle an' sosh
An' get jest as soaked as I do when I wash—
My ma sez: "My goodness! I never have seen
A boy half as hard as you are to keep clean!"

*The Water
Plug*



The Ice Wagon

JOE Hebbler, he's our ice man—he don't care how much you ride
Nor if you help yourself to little chunks of ice beside!
Ol' Joe he's purty nice, he is—he says: "Eat all you please!
I reckon when next winter comes we'll have another freeze!"



The Ice
Wagon

A Hot Sunday Afternoon

WE pestered pa fer this an' that
While ma jest fanned on, as she sat,
An' pa, at last, he sez: "There! There!
Do what you please, fer I don't care."
Then ma, she up an' sez: "They won't!
I know *my* duty, if you don't!"

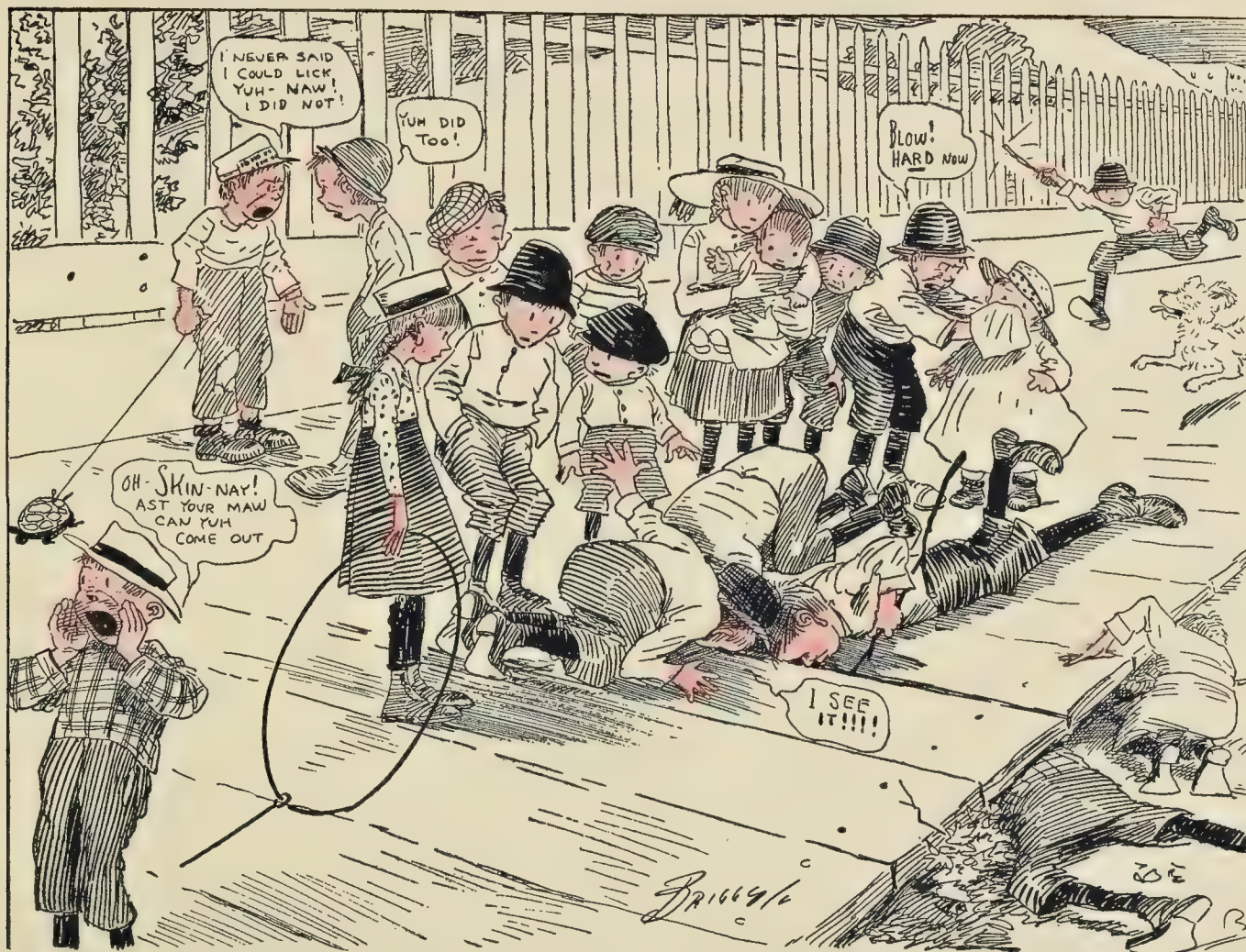
A Hot
Sunday
Afternoon



The Lost Penny

UNCLE Joseph he give me a cent,
An' it fell out sudden when I went
To'rds th' store—went right down through a crack;
Freckles Green, he jest won't give it back.
He crawled under for it, then sez: "Pshaw!
Findin's keepin's—Yes sir! That's th' law."

*The Lost
Penny*



The First Barber Shop Hair Cut

ERNEST Skaggs, th' barber, cut my hair today—
Ast me if I'd have it clipped, or which-a-way.
(Pa has always cut it—ever' time his shears
Slipped an' made some notches, or else nicked my ears.)
Ernest put some stuff on that would make me smell,
Then he blew th' hair out of my neck, with: "Well,
There ye are, sir!" Then he give his hand a wave
An' sez: "Did ye tell me that ye'd like a shave?"



*The First
Barber Shop
Hair Cut*

Long Pants

MART Long wuz lots o' fun today—
He had his first long breeches on;
He tried to look so fine an' gay
But soon he wished 'at he wuz gone.
His ma sez that his manly air
Jest makes her want to weep fer joy—
She'd ought 'a' heard us yell fer fair:
"Pants, where you goin' with that boy?"

Long
Pants



The New Pupil

TH' teacher asts him what's his name,
How old he is, an' when he came
To this here town, an' what he's learned—
Huh! Soon as his ma's back is turned
I'm go'n' to make a face at him.
We've made up that we'll call him "Slim."
At recess I'll jest put a chip
Right on my shoulder, then I'll slip
Up to him in the yard somewheres
An' let him tech me if he dares!



*The New
Pupil*

When Teacher Leaves the Room

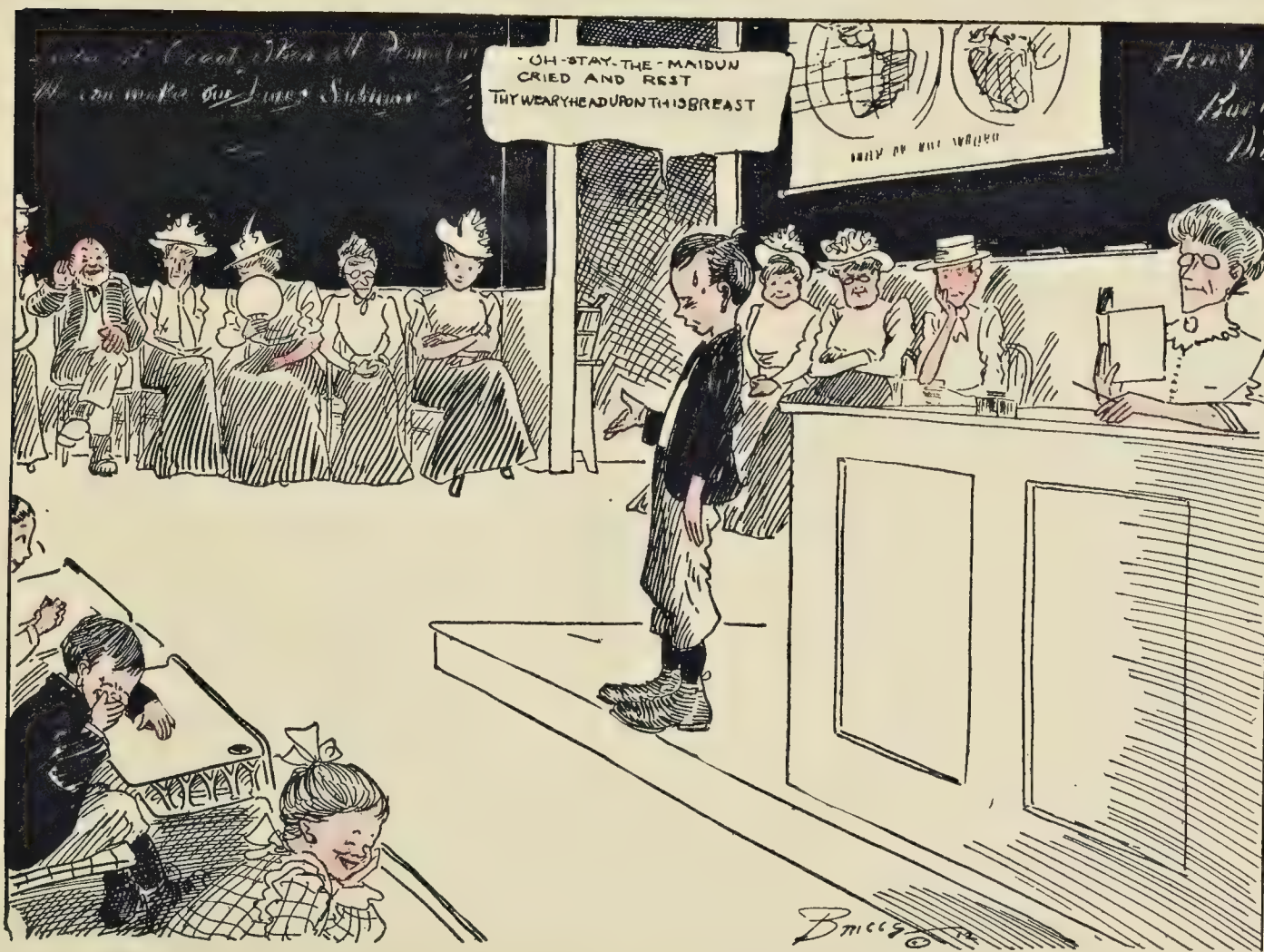
WHEN teacher leaves the room, she sez: "Now see
How nice an' good you children dear can be."
Then Elsie Spriggs she makes a face at Matt,
An' Alferd Porter me-ows like a cat,
An' ever'body jest cuts loose fer fair,
Excep't th' goody-goodies! They set there
An' look so hor-ri-fied, I want to yell.
But they're all 'fraid cats, an' don't dast to tell.



*When
Teacher
Leaves the
Room*

An Afternoon With Longfellow

I WISHT Longfeller he was here
To speak his piece hisself, I do!
I'd put a bug right in his ear
Buhfore my little say was through.
That Alferd Potts—he thinks he's smart,
A-kiddin' me while I recite.
If some one don't keep us apart
When school is out, there'll be a fight!



An
Afternoon with
Longfellow

Recess—and “Crack the Whip”

TH' Willis boy that's just moved here—he's hardly ever played
A single game that us boys knows; he acts like he's afraid!
We learned him “crack th' whip” at recess-time—him on th' end,
An' all of us whirled 'round an' 'round an' then we let him bend!
Th' Willis boy knows *one* game now, an' in a week, I'll bet
We'll have him 'nitiated in some more he won't forget!

Recess—and
"Crack the
Whip"



Taking Her Home From School

AW, why'n't they let a feller be?
They always haf to pick on me,
Jest 'cause I walk along with May
When her an' me go th' same way.
I'd turn an' fight 'em all, but then
May sez: "They just ain't gentlemen!"

*Taking Her
Home from
School*



Sliding the Banisters

DOWN to Skinny's house they got th' fine an' dandy stairs
With jest th' slickest banister you'll find most anywheres,
An' Skinny's ma an' Skinny's pa they let us come an' slide—
They say 'at children must have fun, an' needn't to be tied.
An' Skinny's pa he slid down once, an' Skinny's ma said: "Joe,
You get to be a bigger boy the older 'at you grow!"

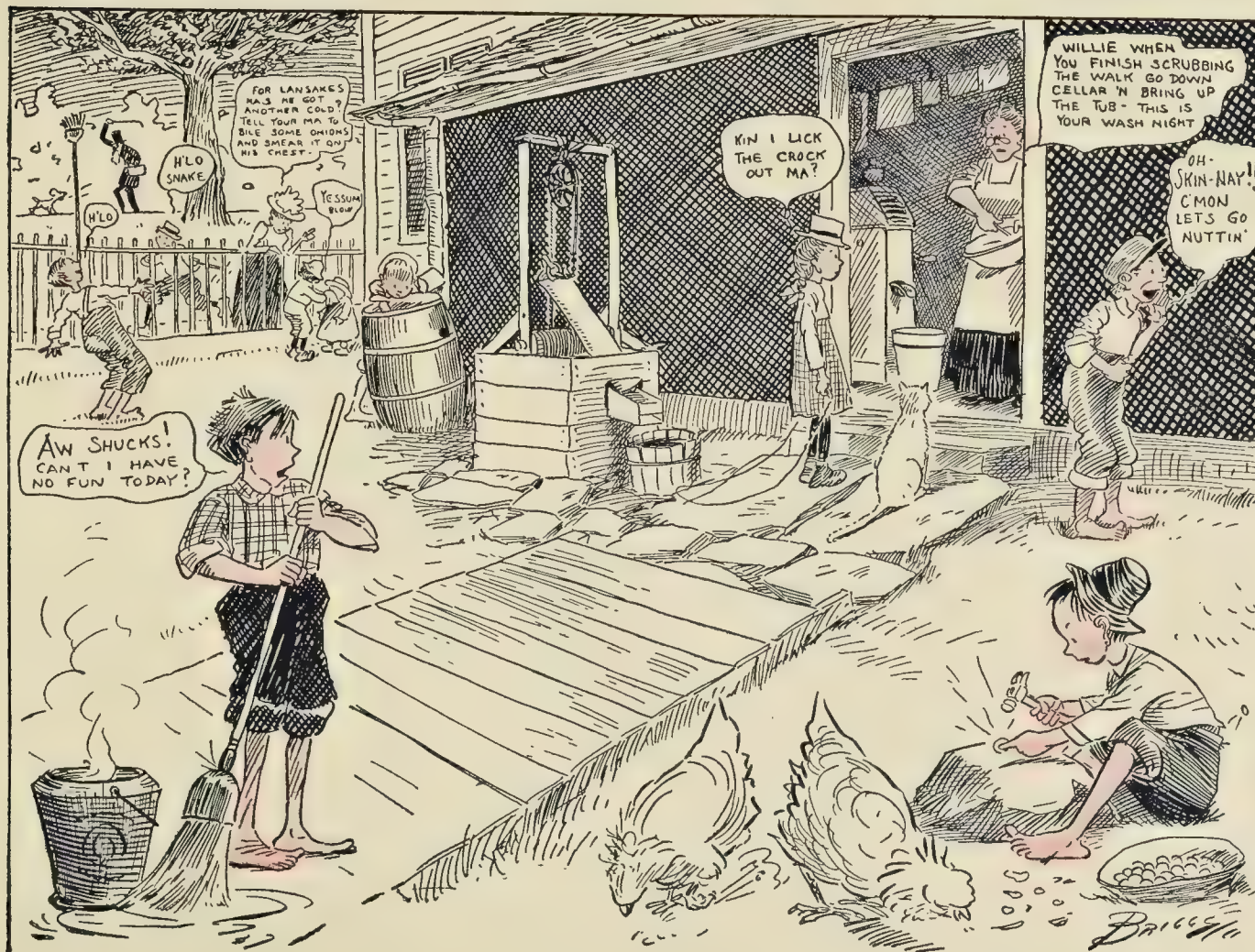
*Sliding the
Banisters*



Saturday Morning

THERE ain't a day like Saturday—
October, March, September, May,
Or any time. Fer then you know
Fer all th' day you can let go.
You got to do some chores, o' course,
An' your ma talks until she's hoarse
About what you can an' can't do—
But Saturday's jest made fer you.

Saturday
Morning



The Kitchen

WHEN my ma bakes, she bakes most things!
An' she's so glad she hums an' sings,
An' takes out pies, an' bread an' cake—
My! What a lot my ma can bake!
An' she don't care how much we eat
Because her cookin' can't be beat.
Why, when she bakes, I bring in wood
An' stand around, an' jest be good.



*The
Kitchen*

Saturday Night

WHEN it's Saturday night all our shoes has been shined
An' our Sunday School lessons is fixed in our mind,
An' pa's gone down town fer a shave—he'll come back
An' tell ma how he got off the funniest crack
When they tried to joke *him!* An' he'll grin,
An' he'll tell it all over an' chuckle like sin.
An' then ma will say: "Goodness! Boys, fill up that tub!
Here's all o' these children at this hour to scrub!"

Saturday
Night



Sunday Evening

"DON'T go to any trouble, ma," pa says each Sunday night.
"Don't fix th' table—we'll all just pick up a little bite."
An' then we all pitch in an' eat, an' look aroun' for more
While ma keeps tellin' us to not drop things upon th' floor.
When we're all through, "I do declare!" ma says, "I think I'd feel
Lots better if instead o' this you'd let me cook a meal!"

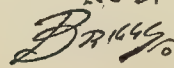
Sunday
Evening



Nuttin' Time

WHEN it's hick'ry nuttin' time then a feller loves to climb
Up th' trees, or throw clubs at 'em till th' nuts come rainin' down.
Oh, he loves to fill his sack an' go whistlin' slowly back
With his load o' dandy shellbarks down th' turnpike into town.

Time



The Magnate

ALBERT Sanders he come here
'Bout th' middle o' last year.
Us boys joked him till he cried
'Cause he was so sissified.
Yesterday, though, Albert brought
A new football his pa bought—
Dollar fifty was th' price—
Now we treat Al pretty nice.



Electing the Football Captain

OUR football team election—it was held jest yesterday,
An' Pinky Small an' Hen an' Joe an' Pete an' Johnny Gray
They got into a wrangle, 'cause each was a candidate—
An' each one told th' others that he'd lick 'em, jest to wait!
But Albert Sanders got elected captain after all,
'Cause he's th' only feller that's th' owner of a ball.

Electing the
Football
Captain



Hallowe'en

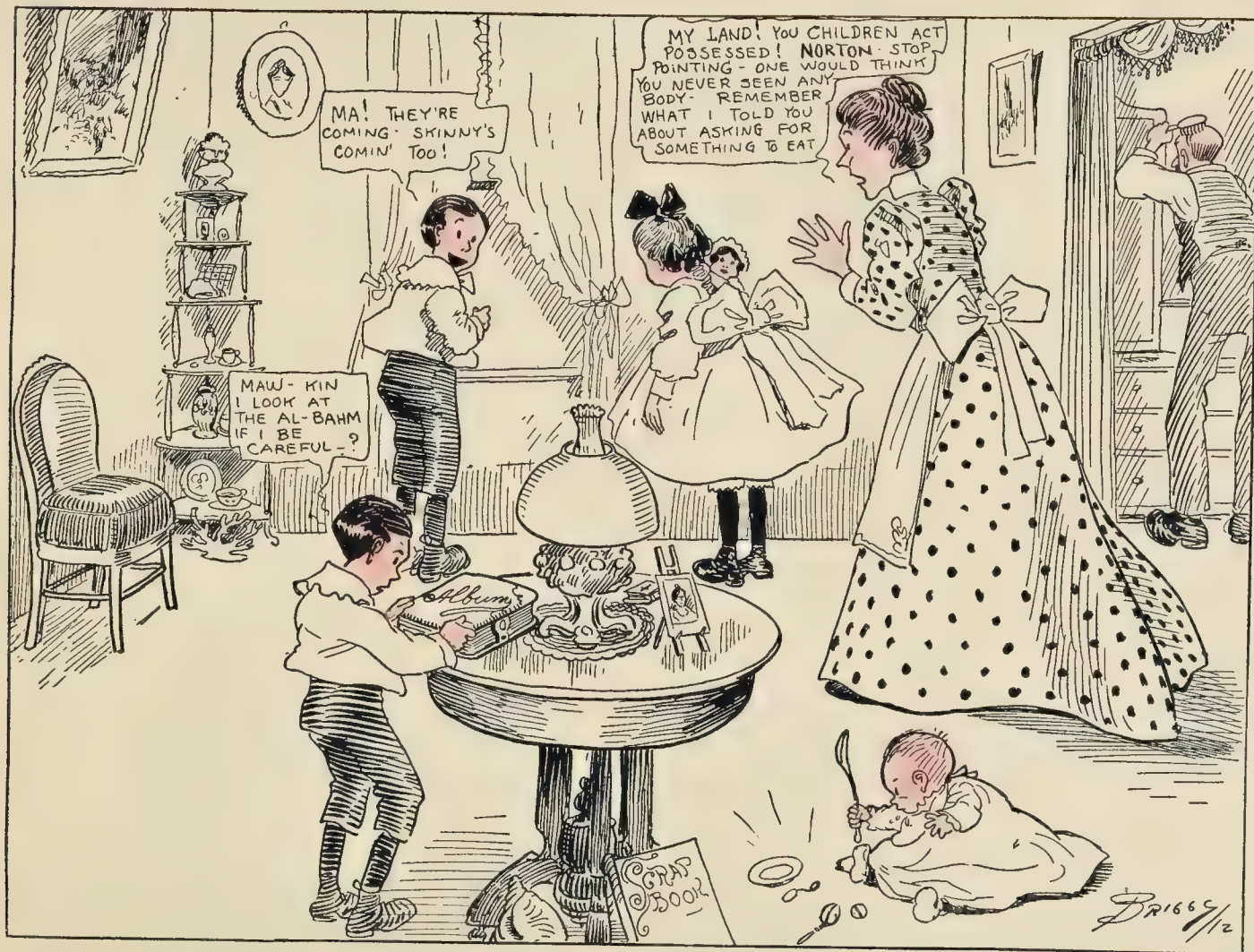
OLD Mister Ferguson he is hoppin' mad—
Sez he'd like to wallop us with a ellum gad,
Sez we'll come to some bad end, an' sez a whole lot more
Jest because we threw some stalks o' cabbage at his door.
When he opened up th' door we all lit out an' run—
Scared to death an' out o' breath, but, golly, it was fun!

Hallowe'en



Comp'ny Coming

WE had to wash up Sunday style
An' ma she lectured us a while
On our buh-havior—an' she dressed
Herself up in her Sunday best,
An' pa he shaved, and then to boot
He diked up in his Sunday suit—
I know th' first thing they will say
Will be "It's sech a pleasant day!"
Huh! This is just th' best o' jokes—
To put on dog fer Skinny's folks!



Comp'ny
Coming

Comp'ny After The Big Dinner

PA'S got on his Sunday clo'es, an' ma she washed my face
An' ever'thing is redded up all over all th' place.
They don't dast to scold you when th' company is here,
They ack like we wuz always full o' happiness an' cheer.
Mister Jones he sez to pa: "Well, we ain't on th' shelf,
But let th' kids cut loose, you know—you wuz a boy yourself."



*Comp'ny
After the
Big Dinner*

Comp'ny's Gone

WHEN comp'ny's here, my folks jest smile
An' let me cut up all th' while,
An' never seem to mind th' noise
But say: "Oh, yes, boys will be boys!"
But when th' comp'ny goes! Why, gee!
They up an' take it out on *me*!



Comp'ny's
Gone

The Daring Smoker

PUDGY Murray he can smoke—got one of his pa's cigars
That he keeps at home shut up in one o' these candy jars.
Pudgy lit it up an' puffed, while us other boys looked on—
Said he'd let us try a pull after it was half-way gone,
But he got as white as milk, an' says: "I won't finish yet.
I'm a-feelin' kind o' sick, 'count o' somepin that I et."

*The Daring
Smoker*



The Plutocrat

ERNEST Plummer's Uncle Jack
Give him five cents at a whack!
Ern was proud as proud could be—
Wouldn't hardly let us see
His ol' nickell! Then we went
Down to watch him while it 'uz spent.
Huh! He acted mighty shy—
Sez: "I don't know what to buy!"
Stingy! I jest sez to Hank:
"Bet he puts it in his bank!"

*The
Plutocrat*



Buckwheat Cakes

THERE'S lots o' things that's good to eat—
There's pie, an' jam, an' bread an' meat,
But nothin' 's good as when ma makes
Those dandy, fresh, hot buckwheat cakes!
Th' more you eat, th' more you like!
Your stummick won't go on a strike.
Ma stops at last with: "Goodness sakes!
Ain't you folks *filled* with buckwheat cakes?"



Buckwheat
Cakes

Shoveling a Path

I'M Peary at th' North Pole trudgin' through th' snowy waste,
Without a thing but bootheels an' some shoestrings for to taste—
I got to find th' pathway, an' I'll have to tunnel through
To find my trusty Eskymo who wait in my igloo.



Shoveling a
Path

The First Sliding

FIRST time it freezes us boys likes to slide—
But girls they just giggle an' squeal
An' hunt fer a place that's about a foot wide
An' skate on one toe an' one heel.
An' 'Lizabeth Felton, she sez: "I'd be scared
To risk broken bones like you do."
An' then I reshed out, an' the things that I dared
Would 'a' been most supprisin' to you.



*The First
Sliding*

Sunday Before Christmas

SUNDAY School's a-goin' to have a Christmas tree—
Albert Dunkhorst snooped around an' ast th' kids till he
Found that ours would have th' *best*, an' then as bold as brass
Yesterday he come right in an' set down with our class!
Teacher ast who Moses was, an' Al he spoke right up:
"Mose did our white washin', an' give me a setter pup!"



Sunday
Before
Christmas

Just Before Christmas

IT'S jest before Christmas — wherever I go
My folks say: "Now, don't look in there!"
I try to look innocent, like I don't know
They're hidin' my things anywhere.
They ast me to write to old Santy, an' say
He'll bring me nice things, if I'm good.
I guess I'll hold out, though it's tough every day
To behave like they think 'at I should.



*Just
Before
Christmas*

D. L. G. 12

Christmas Morning

OH, Mer-ray Chris'mas, Skin-nay! My ma an' pa they say
To tell your folks they wish 'em a mer-ray Christmas day!
Come on an' see my presunts; you bring yours over, too—
I betcha I got more 'n ol' Santy brought to you!

Christmas
Morning





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